



*Life and Death of Sir Phillip*  
Sidney, late Lord gouernour  
of FLVSHING: — —

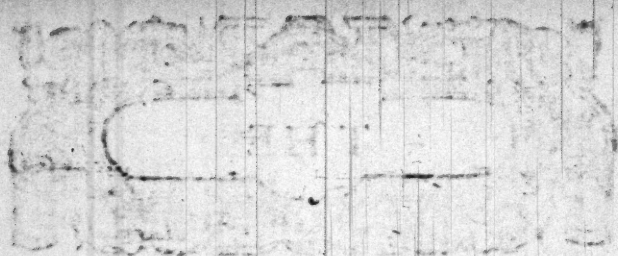
His funerals Solem-  
nized in Paules Church where he ly-  
eth interred; with the whole order of the  
mournfull shewe, as they marched  
thorowe the citie of London, on  
Thursday the 16 of Fe-  
bruary, 1587.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Robert Walde-graue,  
dwelling without Temple-barre neere vnto  
Sommerſet-house.

1587



of FLYSHING:

His Masters & Servants

1871  
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AT LONDON.

*[Faint, illegible text from reverse side]*



To the right Honorable Lord Robert Deuorax,  
Earle of Essex, Viscount Hereford, Iohn Philip his faithfull  
well willer, wisheth increase of honor in this  
life, and in the world to come life  
euerlasting.

**R**ight honorable, when I considered with my  
self these no lesse the dangerous daies, I pur-  
posed with deliberation to haue writte some  
thing that might haue tended to your bet-  
ter liking, but in the meane season the time to the great  
griefe of all those that feare God, loue his glorious Gos-  
pel (without faining) rendred the fruits of loyalty to his  
excellent maiesty, and are carefull louers of their natie  
country, presented before me a pitiful spectacle, the view  
wherof as it was lamentable, so thought I not to ouer-  
slip it without the remembraunce of his deserved fame,  
which, despite of death, shall liue for euer, albeit his want  
in Court, Towne and country, be bewailed of Prince, nob-  
ilitie, Gentlemen, rich and poore. This *Phoenix* sweet *Sid-  
ney* was the flower of curtesie, who in his life time gaue a  
perfect light in his conuersation to leade men to virtue,  
the fruits wherof so glistered in the eyes of mortall crea-  
tures; that by his example they might both learne to  
feare God, to glory in sincerity, to abound in loyalty, &  
to become carefull louers of their natie countrie. This  
euen this most worthy Knight passing his pilgrimage in  
this terrestriall vale of too manifold miseries, so behaued  
himself that for the exercise of perfect pietie, he was ho-  
noured and highly esteemed of all men, to the poore he  
was mercifull, to the learned liberall, to Sutors a great  
comfort, to the fatherlesse fauourable, to the widdowes,  
helpfull, and to saye the truth, his hande, his heart, and  
purse, was alwayes ready to support the distressed, with  
goodmen he was delighted, and with them alwaies euer  
conuersant, and as he himselfe had scaled *Parnassus* and  
sat with *Citheria* amongst the *Muses*, so gloried he in wis-  
dome

210 The Epistle Dedicatorie.

dome and the louers of the same with the peruerse, the frowarde and malicious such as were contemners of truth, enemies of her maiesties most royall person, and conspiring *Catalins* against their native countrie, who can saye that sweet *Sidney* was euer touched with one spot of disloyaltie: nay, who can not say, but that he carried in his secreat bosom a hart vndefiled, a cleare conscience, & a mind garnished with innocencie. But alas this bright burning lamp is extinguished by death who hath robed the prince of as loyall a subiect as euer liued, disinherited the noble peeres of a faithfull friend, and spoyled the commons of a carefull comforter, whose losse both Prince, peeres and subiects wofully bewaile. But is *Sidney* deade, no he liueth, his virtues in this life haue made a conquest of death, and in the world to come his faith hath obtained him the glorious presence of Iesus Christe in the kingdome of heauen. And to put you out of doubt, his virtues so reuiue him from the graue, that he in truth speaketh vnto you, whose voyce if you will vouchsafe to heare, not only you (right honorable) but all other noble estates, Gentlemen and others shall vnderstande that Sir *Philip Sidney*, to his euer induring glorye hath made a conquest of death by fame in this life, and is inthronized before God with his sacred saints in the kingdome of heauen. Thus crauing pardon at your Lordships hands for my ouerboldnes, the time commandeth me to cease, sith that the truth triumphantly approcheth to accompany this worthy knight, whose plea, she most willinglie maintaineth. Thus with my hartty praiers to the almighty for your Lordships health I conclude, beseeching him in this life to defend you from all perill and danger, yea moste happy victorie in this life ouer all the enemies of God and her royall maiesty, and in the worlde to come, crowne your head with honor and glory in his celestial kingdome.

Your Honor's most humble and faithfull  
welwiller. Iohn Philip.



The Life, Death, and Funerals,  
of Sir Philip Sidney knight.



On noble Brutes bedeckt with rich renowne,  
That in this world haue worldly wealth at will:  
Duse not at me, though death haue cut me downe,  
For from my graue, I speake vnto you still.  
Whilst life I had, I neuer ment you ill,  
Then thinke on me that close am coucht in clay,  
And know I liue, though death wrought my decay.

I neede not I, recorde my bloud, ne birth,  
For why: to you my parentage is knowne:  
My mould was clay, my substance was but earth,  
And now the earth enioyes agayn her owne,  
My race is runne, my daies are ouerthrowne.  
Yet Lordings list, your patience here I craue,  
Heare Sydneis plea, discusst from his graue.

The feare of God, I first before my face,  
His precepts pure, to learne I did delight.  
The fruits of faith in me possessed place,  
My glory was to do the thing was right,  
In wisdomes bowre I my pavilion pight.  
And lying heere, though death my soyle did frame,  
To conquer death I spotlesse kept my name.

Triumphant truth had place within my brest,  
Her happy heatts, I harboured in my heart,  
Her pathes to tread, my feete were euer prest,  
And in the truth I plaid my pilgrims part,  
And truth in time, according my desert,  
From time to time rewarded me worth praise,  
But time in truth did finishe by my daies.

Where I might helpe, to harme I neuer ment  
where I might hurt, to helpe I had a care.  
Each ill with good, to guard I was content,

## The Lyfe, Death, and Funerals

Of rashe reuenge, for wrongs I did beware.  
To maintaine peace my minde I did prepare,  
Where discorde dwelt, her tents I sought to shunne,  
The worlde can tell, if this I haue not done,

First God I sought in spirite and truth to serue,  
On him alone my hope and trust was set.  
From his sweete worde I neuer sought to swarue,  
But thence by faith, foode for my soule I sette.  
What Christ had done I neuer would forget,  
My hope and trust was in his death and blood.  
For none but he I knew could do me good.

By paths to pace I neuer gaue consent,  
The Syrene songs could no time me disceant,  
To rest on Christ my sayth was euer bent,  
And vnto him I constantly did cleaue.  
Of his sweete word, none could my soule bereaue,  
The light I lou'd, and Christ the shining sunne  
So cleere myne eyes, that darknes I did shunne.

The shepherd sweete that brake the bread of life,  
I could discerne by truthe true Trumpets sound,  
The seruant straunge that bred debate and strife,  
My conscience canie, I knew, by craft to wound.  
But wolues are oft in lillie lambes skinnes found,  
And I their wiles could through my Christ discerie.  
That from the fould I cause the wolue to flie,

Thus as to God obedient I was scene,  
whose sacred truth was settled in my breast.  
A spotlesse heart I rendred to my Queene,  
whose honour I, for to uphold was prest.  
The fruites of sayth in mee were aie exprest,  
Her ioy was mine, her grieve my deadly woe,  
what Sidney saies, the worlde will speake I know.



of Sir Phillip Sidney knight.

An earnest loue I to my countrie had,  
The Commons weale I planted in my minde.  
The noble peeres were of my company glad,  
No breach of troath in me could any finde.  
To vertues heasts my heart was aie inclinde,  
But in the worlde my dated daies are done.  
My time is spent, mine hower-glasse is run.

Yet whilst I liu'd (aie me) my hart was woe,  
To see some raunge as wretches minded mates,  
Seeking by flights to worke the ouerthrow,  
Of sincere truth, stil kindling by debates,  
Like franticke friendes, foreseeing not their fates:  
That hedlong run, without regard at all,  
By breach of truth to shame to make them thrall.

I saw how some of *Manna* made too flight,  
Preferring chaffe before the finest wheat,  
Seruuing againe for to ecclips the light,  
And in the mist to feed on grosser meat,  
Against the Lord their mallice wared great.  
But he his Church, and glory will maintaine,  
Dauger the rage of cruell cursed Cain.

In restuous Rome, that cage of birdes vncleane,  
Her shynking Owles hath into England sent  
The subiectes harts, from their good Queene to gleane,  
Seducing soules, to vse that they inuent,  
The beast of Rome, to gape for bloud is bent,  
Whose marchant men incens'd with ceasles pye,  
Gainst God and Prince made some vnkind conspire.

All this I saw, which made me sob and waille,  
To see the crue of Dathan to increase,  
No grieve to this, that faith in men should faile,  
Who strue to chaunge by bloud our daies of peace,  
whence

## The Lyfe, Death, and Fnuerals

Whence springs the cause their mallice cannot cease,  
But euen from Rome, the founder of debate,  
That greiues to see Brittanians blissfull State,

Would you but thinke there is a liuing God,  
That you commandes his pceptes to obey,  
Like Christians you with Rome would stand at od,  
Who from your Christ doth lead you quite astrae,  
Would you but thinke there is a iudgement daie,  
Gainst God and Prince you neuer would rebell,  
For feare of death and endles paines of hell,

Then you that turne with euery pufte of wind,  
And wauer with the scendrest bending reed,  
Giue Sidney leaue at large to tell his mind,  
And to my tale giue you attentiu hee,  
Beware how you rebellion heere do breed,  
For God is iust, his iudgements are most true,  
Let Absolon remaine a light to you.

In vaine you striue against the Lord of hostes,  
against your Queene its bootles to contend:  
For he alone will calme your bragging boastes,  
And from your snares his Debora defend:  
You see your wils are boulded out in end,  
And your reward is ignomie and shame,  
And after death a spotted wretched name.

You that do wish your curstled wils to haue,  
And daily striue your country to betray,  
Heare Sidney speake to you from out his graue,  
That pearst aloft, by treason to leaue sway,  
Though that your pranches in secret you do play,  
Yet God your grudge will bring to each mans sight,  
And in his wrath with vengeance you requight.

Though



of Sir Phillip Sidney knight.

Though you in thew Camelson like can change  
Your shape, your forme, and colours as you list,  
And monsters like against all nature range,  
In vaine God knowes, you serpent like haue bitt,  
But with poplurie you in popson do persist,  
Who wanting reech the innocent to wound,  
His venoume great himselfe both still confound.

Thinke though your wits and policies excell,  
And you your selues could mountaines great remove,  
There is a God that rules in heauen and hell,  
That can and will destroy you from aboue,  
Yet will he keepe all such as do him loue,  
When the vniuersall shall cast his yrefull rod,  
Who then too late shall know there is a God.

And such a God as with his arme shall shield  
Despight of Pope, Elizabeth our Queene,  
He with her host shall go into the field,  
and as his grace she hath both felt and seene,  
So vnto all that haue true subjects beene,  
Her highnes shall a comforter be found,  
Such loue from God to vs shall still abound.

Triumph you then all trustie English hearts,  
Reioyce in God, extoll and praise his name,  
For he of loue, and not for your deserts  
hath giuen to you this royall princely Dame,  
Serue God in truth aduance your Soueraignes fame,  
And in her know what he for you hath done,  
Who brought to you the cleare and shining sunne.

Of poperie she the puddels hath made cleane,  
And opened wide the well and way to life,  
From whence you may that hollesme liquor glean,  
That fills the soule with grace and comfort rise,

## The Lyfe, Death, and Funerals

Be thankfull then and stand with sin at strife,  
So shall your God redubbe thise your ioy,  
and graciouſly defend you from annoy.

He for her ſake hath garniſht you with peace,  
Your virgin Queene's carefull for your wead,  
Her ſtudies ſet your welfare to increaſe,  
Then like good ſubiectes loyally do deale,  
and as her loue to you ſhee doth reueile,  
with loue requight her loving heart againe,  
And pray with you her grace may long remaine.

My Countrey-men ingraſt my wordes in minde,  
For wonders great for ye the Lord hath wrought,  
Be thankfull then his fauour you do finde.  
For as by him Daniell from den was brought,  
So he for you that of no comfort thought,  
Gaue vnto you to free ye from diſtreſſe,  
Your royall Queene to multiplie your bleſſe.

Twentie nine yeares you haue her grace poſſeſſ,  
Your ſoueraigne Queene, a mocher milde to you.  
A carefull nurſe that helpes all ſuch oppreſſ,  
As vnto her for princely comfort low,  
To God and Prince remember then your vow,  
A true ſubiect like and then take this from mee,  
Redoubled thise her happie daies ſhal be.

And you that carpe with Catiline for ſpoyle,  
And wold conuert your quiet peace to war,  
Haue ſome remoyce vnto your native ſoyl,  
Let not the Pope procure you thus to tarre.  
Haue care to Chriſt and know you chriſtians are,  
It is he, and none but hee that muſt you ſaue,  
Marke well my wordes, though that I ſleepe in graue,



218  
of Sir Phillip Sidney knight.

In marshall feates I settled my delight,  
The stately steepe I did beset with toy.  
At tilt and turney oft I tride my might,  
In these exploits I neuer felt annoy.  
My wortheie friends in armes did oft employ,  
Themselues with me to breake the chattering speare,  
But now my want they waile with many a teare.

My sponesd wife my Lady and my loue,  
whilst life I had did know my tender hare.  
But God that rules the rotuling fates above,  
Did thincke it meete we shoulde againe depart.  
His will is done, death is my dew desart,  
She wants her make, I fro my deare am gon.  
She liues behind her louer true to moorne.

In *Flanders* I against the spanish rout,  
that spit their spice against my God and Prince,  
that seeke by force like tyrants bold and stout,  
those townes and forts that feare God, to conuince,  
on barbed stead as one for their defence,  
incountred oft, amidst the troupe of those,  
repaying them with many bloudy blowes.

The Canons cracke, my courage could not qualle,  
like *Mars* his knight I rusht amidst the throng,  
and to the flight vnto my greaceuaille,  
I drave them oft and laid the proudest along,  
my steed was staine the musketoets among,  
when I my selfe receaued my fatal wound,  
yet hostt againe from them conuaid round.

My greife was great yet was my glory more,  
that I escapd the fiels from out the hands,  
the English campe with teares did me deplore,  
but life we see in fortunes balance stands,

death

## The Life, Death, and Funerals

death forceth not possessions goods nor lands,  
the rich and poore to him are all alike,  
when God commands, he spareth not to strike.

The chiefest hope I had was in sweet Christ,  
to him I fled, as to my dearest friend,  
and as in truth I laboured to persist,  
so in the truth I made my faithfull end,  
My leaue I tooke of euery louing friend,  
I told them plaine my dying day drew neare,  
and that I had no long abiding here.

The noble  
Earle of  
Lester.

My worldly goods I wisely did dispose,  
and to the world that was the worldes I left,  
Mine vnkles harte was wrapt with heapes of woes,  
to see me thus of flowring youth bereaft,  
Care clad my friends, their harts a funder cleft,  
my seruants minds were overwhelmed with greife,  
but none but Christ was found my comfort cheife.

My brother deare to God I did commend,  
Desiring him the Lord of hostes to seare,  
and as I liue, so to his latter end,  
I gaue him charge the tongue of truth to beare,  
to Symeones I wisht him giue no eare,  
But as I had been loyall to my Quene,  
So had I hope his faith should flourish greene.

Earle of war  
wicke and  
his Coun-  
esse.

My louing wife my Ladie and my deare,  
with all my hart I had for eye adue,  
and thus I said, O Warwike noble peere,  
thy Nephew now thy face shall neuer see,  
God blesse my Lord and Countesse his most true  
I leaue you beare, from you I go my way,  
I die to world yet hope to liue for aye.

And



of Sir Phillip Sidney knight.

And now adue to Pembroke noble Earle,  
to Countesse thine my sister kind farewell,  
I leaue you all Christ his precious pearle,  
with whom my faith perswadech me to dwell,  
By faith in him, I vanquish death and hell,  
these die in me though death do cut me downe,  
For Christ I know with life my head will crowne.

My Deuorax, my deare, my ioy, my friend,  
of Essex Earle ten thousand times adue,  
to God with hart I humilie thee commend,  
hoping in heauen thee face to face to viewe,  
Dourne not for me though death my life subdue,  
I live to die, and die to live in deede,  
my life was lent, and death hath cut lifes threed.

But yet I know my peeres will thinke on me,  
my guileles ghost shall neuer them forget,  
their good wils shall for aye remembred be,  
that to the graue my corps with honoz set,  
as in my life they loue on Sidney set,  
so from my graue I gine them thanks againe,  
that to the earth to bring me take the paine.

First to the poore I elad in weedes of woe,  
whose blubberd eyes did shew their inward griefe,  
the yeomens lookes their heavy cheare did shew,  
and of their care I was their causer chiefe,  
the gentles all languish without reliefe,  
they left their likes to thinke upon my wacke,  
and wailfull wile were cleatherd all in blacke.

The drum and fife rang forth my wailfull knell,  
a wofull march the knights and Captaines pass,  
the ensignes wraung forgot all was not well,  
to see my daies by direfull death defast,

Earle of Essex.

31. mourners, poore men representing the number of his yeares.

# · The Life, Death, and Funerals,

my standarde braue far out of order platt,  
traild on the ground, in gretuous dolefull wise,  
Hade rich and poore, with plaints to pearce the skies.

By barbed speeres appointed for the field,  
Whereon I erst encountred with my foe,  
Contrary kinde enforced were to peele,  
And for my want a course of care did shoe,  
By warlike launce, of me beloued so,  
in peeces burst, and all to shiners tozne,  
Gave all effaces occasion meete to mourne.

Before my corpes, like Bartholmes passed on,  
The first my spurs with pensive tacker did beare.  
The second he my want for to bemourne,  
Supported sure the gaunlets I did weare,  
The third my sword and shilde by right did reare,  
The fourth in hand my crest and colours bad,  
The fift and last, with vissardes wan and sab,

By coate of armes did beare in equall wise,  
Next came my corpes, by worthy Chieftaines borne,  
whose ioyes were fact, the teares fell from their eyes,  
their mazed mindes with care were ell forlozne,  
the standers by for Sidneis want did mourne,  
their tender hearts, did greene that I was gon,  
Thynghout the streets, no signe of mirth was sholdne.

Next to my corpes wepe my sobaine fall,  
By brother beare in weedes of woe was dight,  
On horsebacks then my piers to forrow thrall,  
with watered eyes bewails a marshall Knight,  
And after them in order rode aright,  
By louing Lordes with care and grieve oppress,  
And every where to mourne my foes were prest.

East of  
Leaster, Hun-  
tington and  
Essex.

L. VVillow-  
bie  
L. North.

Then



of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, 1587

Then mounted well next them in open show,  
Of flammets did, the courteous faces succed,  
their griefe was great, their stomacks fraught with woe,  
the did my want, of woe a well spring breed.

The estates  
of Flaunders

But as of Prince and piers I was belov'd indeede,  
So London left me not forgotten quite,  
But gave to me the thing that was my right.

For next the states in gownes of violet faire,  
Lord Maior did with Senators most grane,  
On horsebacke make to mourne me their repaire,  
But God hath that that he vnto me gaue,  
though I bee dead, my Christ my soule will save,  
He is and was the pfiller of my trust,  
I know at last that rise againe I must.

L. Maior of  
Lon. 24. Ald.  
with M. VV.  
Fleerwood

Next these my friends in order passed on,  
The gentle crew of Grocers comly clad.  
These, these my friendes, their louing friend did mone,  
they for their friend to mourne occasion had,  
Next these the drums and fifes with sounds right sad,  
By passing bell and knell with care did ring,  
Thus to the graue with dole they did me bring

The wor-  
shipful com-  
pany of the  
Grocers  
richly atti-  
red with  
their Livery  
hoodes on  
their shoul-  
ders.

After whose sound a carefull Chiefraine past,  
Who brought with him a band of marshall wights  
All which with woe did to my Buriall halt,  
As men amazed bereft of their delights.  
Not wotting how in war to shew their mights,  
Their muskets bozne so out of order cleane,  
As though they knew not what the war did meane.

Then after them the armed pikemen he,  
Trayling the pikes along vpon the ground,  
The sight whereof made many a weeping eie,  
the sorrowfull ioyes care cross with griefe to wound,

Thus

## The Lyfe, Death, and Funerall

Thus mourne their loss in mourning and complaint,  
Even thus and thus I would I were dead,  
O that I were dead, I would I were dead.

Next after this, the Colberts marched on,  
In weedes of woe to tell their griefe,  
their heauie chere was teene, my death they moue  
But all in vaine, teares gaue me no reliefe.

God was my guide, Christ was my helpe and chiefe,  
to whome for aide and comfort I wrote a leue,  
with whome I liue, though I to world be dead.

Then as before, the Pikemen came againe,  
Peelding their looks of anguish griefe and smart,  
their Ensignes valoe, bad them all mirth refrayne,  
And on they past as men cleane out of heart.  
then came the shot, who playd their penitence part,  
No peace was had, to render any clasp,  
Thus sorrowed they with teares my great mischance.

But when in clasp, my corpes was cloasly bounde,  
A bale of shot rang out my fatall kneel.  
then every man can sorrow from his minde,  
the Pikes were bancked, the Colbertes borne right well,  
And marshally then bad they me fare well,  
the drums and fies then sounded more aloft,  
And on they marche in order as they oft.

Thus from my grave I bid you all adieu,  
Your Sidneis wishes remember rich and poore,  
Though dead, my life with daily call to you,  
Thinke yee how death knockes daily at lifes doore,  
Prouide your lampes of oyle in case you loze,  
My tale is told, and I my race haue runne,  
My bodie earth, my soule the heauens hath receiued.

Virtutis Laus actio.



